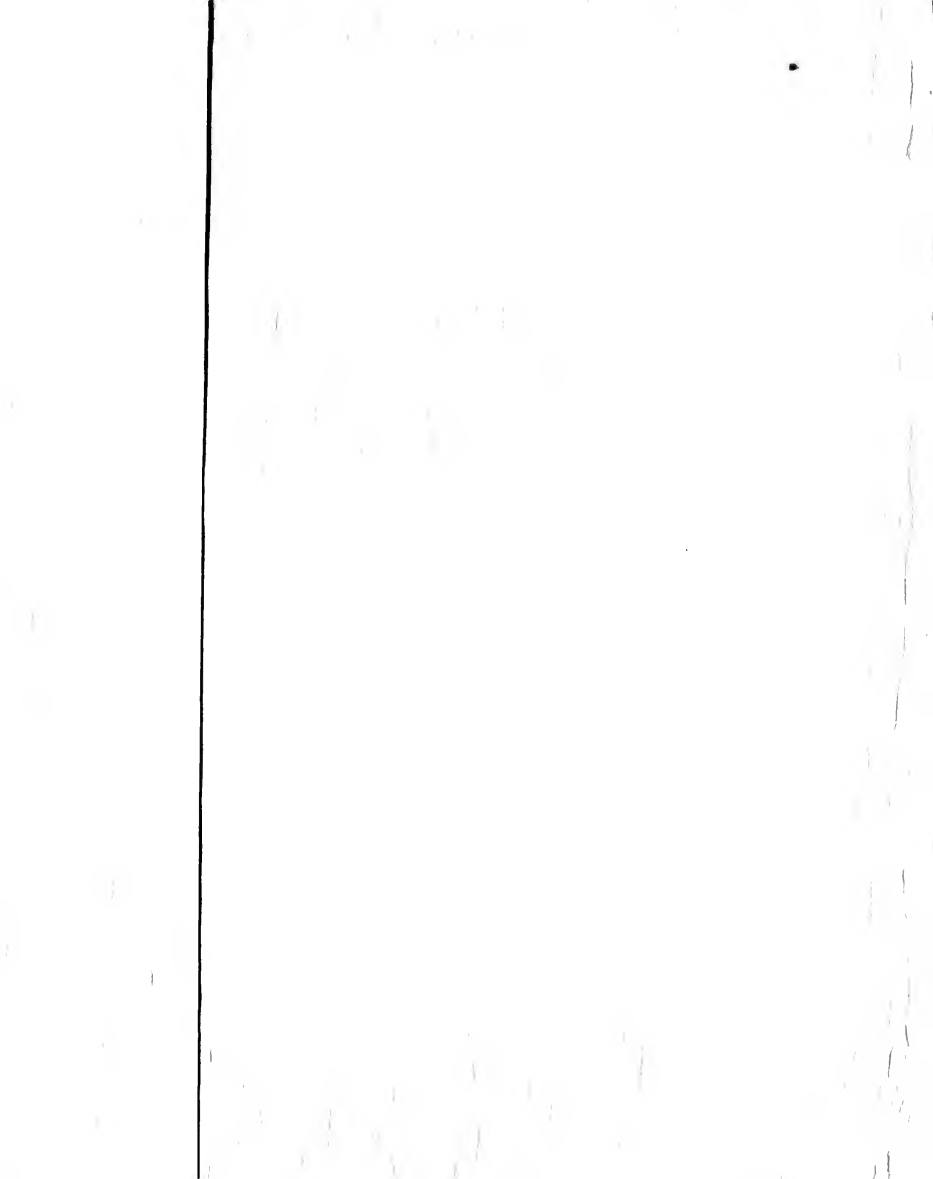


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## ne   weetly   olemn   hought.

HŒBE CARY and her sister Alice were both Universalists, but their hymns have been accepted by all denominations. Of the many written by them none has had the popularity and universal adoption of "Nearer Home," written by Phœbe when she was not yet eighteen years old. It has been translated into all languages, and it is said that the mere humming of the tune to which it is sung, in a gambling den in China, was sufficient to save one of the gamblers by recalling home associations. Phœbe died (in 1871) at the age of 47, of grief at the death of her sister.







ne sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er :  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I've ever been before.

earer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.







earer the bounds of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

ut lying darkly between,  
Winding adown thro' the night,  
Is the silent unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.







ather, be near when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink,  
For it may be I am nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.





## One Sweetly Solemn Thought



One sweetly sol-enn fthought, Comes to me o'er and o'er,

The first vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

I am near-er home to day, Than I've ev-er been be fore.

The second vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

Near-er my Fa-thers house, Where the man-y man-sions be,

*cresc.* Near-er the great white throne, . . . *pp* Near-er the crys-tal sea..

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our burdens down,

Near-er leav-ing the cross, . . . . . Near-er gain-ing the crown.



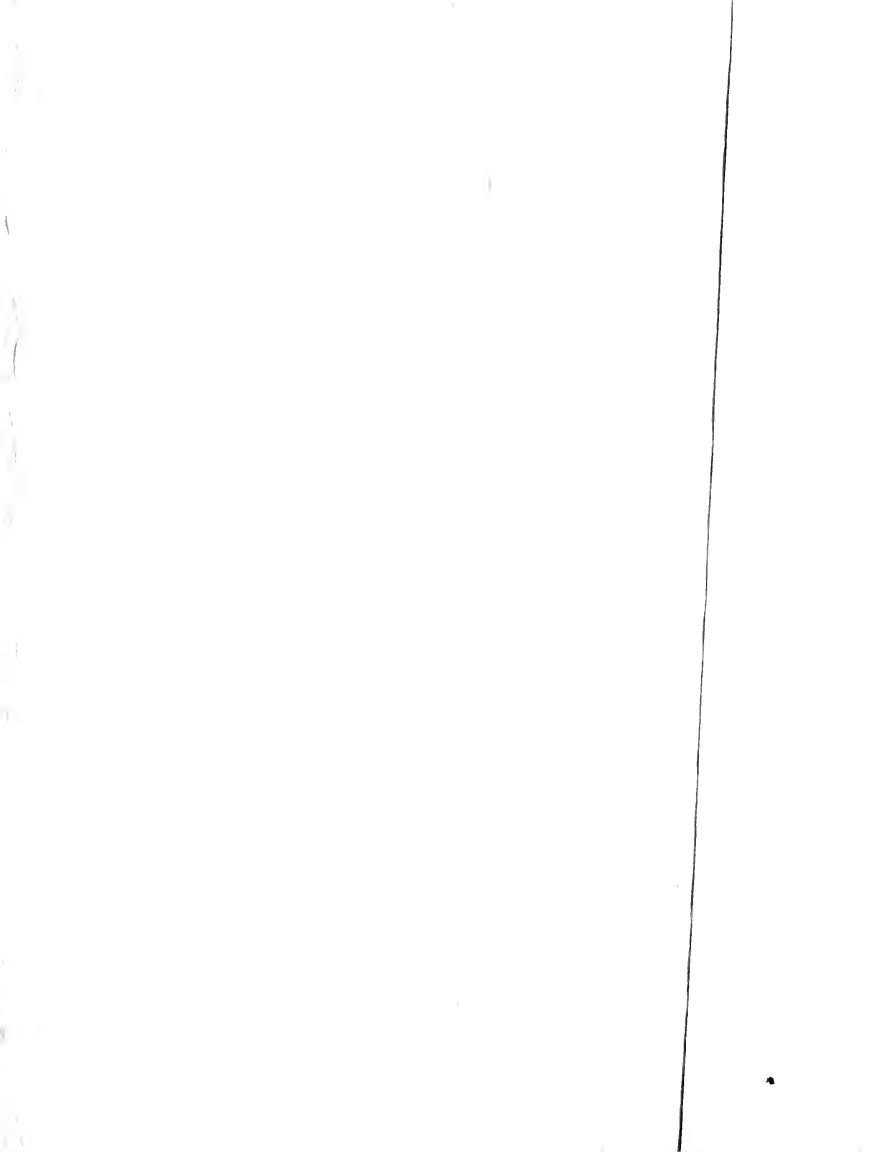
But ly-ing darkly be - tween, . . . Winding adown thro' the night,

Is the si - lent, unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.

Fa - ther be near when my feet, Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it

may be I am near - er home Near-er now than I think,





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